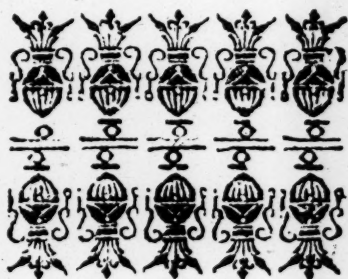


CHOYCE
POEMS,

BEING
SONGS, SONNETS,
SATYRS and ELEGIES.

By the Wits of both
UNIVERSITIES.



LONDON,
Printed for Henry Brome at the Gun in Ivy-lane.
1661.

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LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD
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May 2, 1927

POEMS.

SONG.

THree strange humours make me laugh,
The Married man that's froward,
The Miser thinks hee's never safe,
And the Temperate man's untoward;
No friendship these, nor honour have,
Strict Dyet, Wealth, and Wives enslave,
And make poor man a Coward.

Sancta Cruce may thank the Grape,
And not their solemn Masses,
'Twas Wine that made their General scape,
Though he lost his Gally-asses;
Blake for grief expir'd his last,
That having fought, he could not tast
Canary, in full Glasses.

On the *Russians* cast your Eye,
Cossacks, *Poles*, and *Tartars*,
How like Sheep they live and dye
In their water Winter Quarters,
Whereas the *Swede*, that takes a Drench
Of Brande-wine, in Field or Trench,
Expires as bold as Martyrs.

Chocolei's an arrant Cheat,
 Cantharides, and Eringo,
 Nothing gives dull spirits heat
 Like a dose of Wine or Stingo,
 Which if *Venables* had sipt,
 He like Lightning would have skipp'd,
 And ransack'd *St. Domingo*.

*Strong Ché-
 shire Ale.*

Ask *Jack Moston*, and *Will. Hooks*,
 How their Comrade turn'd Hecstar,
 They'll affirm his blood and looks
 Both took fire from boules of Nestor,
 That in time inflam'd the Realm,
 'Twas drinking plac'd him at the Helm,
 And made him *Lord Protector*.

A Ballad against the Opera.

Now Heaven preserve our Realm,
 And him that sits at th' Helm.
 I will tell you of a new Story
 Of Sir *William* and his Apes,
 With full many merry Japes,
 Much after the rate of *John Dorie*.

This sight is to be seen
 Near the Street that's called *Queen*,
 And the People have call'd it the Opera.

But

But the Devil take my Wife,
If all dayes of my life
I did ever see such a Fopperie.

Where first one begins
With a trip and a cring,
And a face set in starch to accost 'um,
I, and with a Speech to boot
That had neither head nor foot,
Might have serv'd for a *Charterhouse* Rostrum.

Oh, he look'd so like a Jew,
Would have made a man spew,
When he told 'em here was this, here was that,
Just like him that shews the Tombs,
For when the Sum Total comes,
Tis two houres of I know not what.

Neither must I here forget
The Musick there, how it was set,
Dise two Ayers and an half and a Jove,
All the rest was such a Gig,
Like the squeaking of a Pig,
Or Cats when they'r making their love.

The next thing was the Scene,
And that as it was layne,
But no man knows where in *Perry*,
With a story for the nones

Of Raw head and Bloody bones,
But the Devil a word that was true.

There might you have seen an Ape
With his fellow for to gape,
Now dancing and turning ore and ore,
What cannot Poets do
They can find out in *Peru*,
Things no man ever saw before.

Then presently the *Spaniard*
Strouts with his Whineyard,
Now Heaven of thy mercy how grim,
Who'd have thought that Christian men
Would have eat up Children,
Had he not seen 'em do it limb by limb.

Oh greater cruelty yet,
Like a Pig upon a spit,
Here lies one, there another boyl'd to a Jellie;
Just so the people stare
At an Oxe in the Fair,
Roasted whole with a Pudding in's Bellie.

I durst have laid my head
That the King there had been dead,
When I saw how they basted and carved him;
Had he not come up again
Upon the Stage, there to complain

How

How scurvily the Rogues had served him.

A little further in
Hung a third by the Chin,
And a forth cut out all in Quarters;
Oh that *Fox* had now been living,
They had been sure of Heaven,
Or at the least been some of his Martyrs:

But which was strange again,
The Indians that they had slain,
Came dancing all in a Troop,
But oh give me the last,
For as often as he past,
He still tumbled like a Dog in a Hoop.

And now my Signior Strugge
In good faith you may go Jogge,
For Sir *Will.* will have something to brag on.
Oh the *English* Boyes are come
With their Fife and their Drum,
And still the Knight must Conquer the Dragon.

And so now my story is done,
And I'll end as I begun,
With a word, and I care not who know it,
Heaven keep us great and small,
And blesse us some and all,
From every such a pittifull Poet.

POEMS.

The dying Lover.

SOME powers regard me, or my heart will burn
 Till it convert my bosome to an urn,
 I call not you Physicians : how you s^rred
 You fatall Curtains of a sick mans bed ;
 Hang from about me ; herbs nor minerals can
 Cure the Consumption of a Love-sick man,
 Not hills of Snow, nor Cakes of Ice the flood
 Bears down, can make a Julip for my blood.
 You climbing Waves, if happily at this hour
 There be some new *Leander* in your power,
 O let his voyage calmer fortune try,
 'Twere pitty the belov'd again should dye,
 But you may well my scorn'd breast overflow,
 Yet would my heat make your cold billows glow.
 And you rude winds, troublers of both Seas and
 (Skies,
 Before whose wrath the white singd vessel flies,
 Cease persecuting wretches on the main,
 And cool me with a storm, but 'twere in vain,
 I sprinkle tears, and with my sighs adde breath,
 To blow flames only to be quench't by death.
 See where he comes, how pale, how far unlike
 Her shape that sent him to me, would'st thou strike?
 'Tis done already, look upon my heart,
 Alas, thou know'st not, when thou threw'st that dart.
 Shee mocks both thee and love, not as you will ;
 As

As she doth guide your hands, you save or kill.
Perhaps you reigned in times past, but in mine,
Her smiles are loves darts, & her thoughts are thine
I have seen her mix a sad look with a sweet,
Then life and death, all joys, all torments meet
Like twilight, that her lover could not say,
Whether his fear brought light, or hope saw day,
Which I must see no more. 'tis her decree,
That adds one Sister to the other three.

Another to the grates if you enquire
What wonder this may be, please your desire,
It is a beauty, such as might give breath,
To senseless pictures, but to me 'tis death.
Farewel sweet Muses, your friends death deplore.
Whom you were not *Medeas* to restore.
Love let me kisse thy hand, by which I fall;
Yet thou hast kill'd me with a Cordial.
Death cry thee mercy, Loves command extends
So far, I saw not thine, but we'll meet friends.
I feel thee in my marrow, thy shaft lurks
With a cold poyson tipt, now, now it works.
What Ague's this, but now my breath did glow,
Etna was not so fyery; now I grow
More cold than are the Alps, I am like one
Toft from the torrid, to the frigid Zone.

Winter's in my blood, my veins freeze ore.
It Snows upon my heart, I can no more
Move my contracted sinews, if there be
Of all that in their tears would bury me.

Some

Some poor forsaken Virgin that did mean
 All faith, and found no justice, let her glean
 The ruines of my heart, the rest convey
 To some dark grove, where the Turtle may
 Mourn out my Elegy, write upon my tomb,
 I had a fair Judge, but a cruel doom.

Friend.

FOr gilded Pill, and Pill was not,
 But powder'd up i'th Gally Pot;
 For Purge of *Hamechs* rare Contestion
 For stusse, by way of an Injection;
 Which Maid mistook for milk of Almond,
 And suck'd an hearty draught, till qualm on
 Stomack came, and neighbours call'd in,
 She shit and spewd like *Uncle Yalden*;
 For instrument the Schoolmen call,
 By name of Mathematical;
 Others a Syringe, Squirt, or Engine,
 Which *Robin Scudamore* swears do send in
 Juice, with that force at Pintles snouts
 As if at Crown o'th head 'twould out
 For visits late, and visits early
 I'th mind I'me in I love thee dearly,
 And thank thee too. --But hark you wight!
 This does not set my Tail upright;
 I'me plaguy loose i'th socket still,

Maugre

Maugre thy Potion, and thy Pill,
 And reign so slack (for all my cunning)
 Will never fadge with Nag that's running.
 The Spring that should uphold my Cock,
 Is shrewdly weakened, and my dock
 Is like th' abominable Rump,
 A rude and indigested lump ;
 Gun-scowers two I have beseech't,
 By their kind care to be new breech't.
 The Baggages o'th Town (Pox rot um)
 Say, that for Arse, to get new botton
 I must to *Rumford* ride (ud's nigs)
 I've rid my self quite off my legs.

Jack Falstaffe vildly did abate,
 But never suely, at the rate
 That I have done, since action last
 I'me no mans length of life i'th waste.
 My leg is not so big by th' half,
 Im'e but ill *Essex*'t in the Calf
 Only one member 'cleped privie
 That thrives upon it : as I live I
 Could not but smile, (though indispos'd)
 To see the youth so bottle-nos'd.
 Ineed not like the lad throws twelve
 At tick-tack cry to Pintle, swell —
 As Parson erst ; so great's my pain
 Grant mine a yard, I'll swear 'tis main
 With Swathe, and clout to see me dresse it;
 A wonderous hopeful thing ; God blesse it,

To

POEMS.

In lap then having couch't my Beagle,
He looks like Babe that's under Eagle,
Where let him lurk, and rest in quiet,
Till thou send'st drink, and God sends diet.

Friend, now I've told thee how 'tis with me,
If thou hast any Goodnesse i' thee
Call on me as thou goest to 'th Devil,
Or *Major Mundens*, who's so Civil
To give the Ale, and bate the Smoak,
Though first heed rather have me choak,
Well, to be brief, I long to see Thee,
Till when (Dear *Val.*) Gods peace be with thee.

March 27. 1660.

The Answer.

THanks to thy care Dear *Va'entine*,
Th'art working Cures all in ——— time.
I left out good, 'cause as times go,
Tis ten to one we find it so.

I'me safe, but not as fish so sound,
Whom we term so, because not drown'd
I'th Deluge when all went to wrack
But *N. 45*, and like shirt to back,
Eight that stuck close, and gave no word,
For fear of heaving over board.

No (Friend) I am not yet like *Roach*,
Or *Bell*, but dread a jumbling Coach,
And walk i'th streets, the stones upon,
As with a suit of Wainscot on.
Sure my disease (what ere *pick* sayes)
Will teach a man to look to's wayes.

I walk upright, and tenderly,
 As if I trode on Conscience : why
 My foot slipt once, (howere it came)
 And put whole body out of frame.
 My arms were disarm'd, and my legs
 Mov'd as if joynts had wanted pegs.
 Sure this will warning be or none,
 How I strike foot against a stone ;
 Though I'me not guilty of such tricks,
 'Twere better kick against the pricks.

But hark you (*Val.*) worse newsthan this !
 A friend refused to stay my Piss-
 Ing while, indeed he found me tardy,
 Once (as it hap't) before, for pardy,
 I was faint to unmuffle *Pego*,
 Who looked, liked, *Ego non sum ego* ;
 Then with the prepuce make a Spout,
 For carrying of it clearly out ;
 Or else howere the matter lurks,
 'T had run like *Wma* for water works :
 For holes it like a Skimmer proves,
 Or Orange that was stuff't with Cloves.
 Y' have seen a Garden wating For
 Or Cullender, e'ne just like that.
 Well faces made, and making end
 Of making faces to my friend
 I hy'd, who wish'd me all be-pist,
 Swore he'd read *Johnsons* Alchymist
 In half that time, that I was leaking.
 'Twas twice as long, as I've been speaking,
 I must confesse (who ere appoints)
 In lesse time, I'de trusse twenty points.

I've

I've seen with swigging whar, ore-sated
A Barrow Pig as tedious as it.

But (*Val.*) when amongst the Blades I come,
After the word-Rogue, show a Room.
How do the Youngsters stare dost think?
When I cry faith, I dare not drink
Wine, and speak low as Country Lasse,
Ask't by th' official how 'twas
She got the Bastard lately whelp't,
Whispers-forsooth, I could not help't.
Then plead I Physick, Drink, and Diet,
Which for a while preserves me quiet,
Till some stern Sr. unknown before,
When Dish is clapt at wrong mans dore,
Cryes, give him drink, what is't he ayles?
When all i'th Room produce their Tails.
And Friend as I may tell to you
Compar'd to them on strict review.
I find I'me pretty well to passe,
So lay my violent hands on glasse.
And think on Moyle (as is my use)
Then drink and glad of the excuse.
Thus strive I to be blyth and frolick,
As *Virgil* when he wrought *Bucolick*.
But my *Mæcenæ* wondrous Moyle
Is sick, and then I'me not worth while.
I'me a dead thing without, know'tis he
Gives life and vigour to my Muse and me.

*This I send thee hap what will,
On the eleventh day of April.
Nam'd from wadden (morning dirty)
Sixteen hundred and twice thirty,*

*Fare thee well, however fare I.
Hystoron Proteron bold Harry.
In affection ever fervent,
Twice & once thine humble Servant.*

Ode.

Ode.

Sitting and drinking in a Chair made out of the reliques of Sr. Francis Drakes Ship.

1.

CHear up my Mates ! the wind doth fairly blow,
 Clap on more Sails, and never spare,
 Farewel all Land ! for now we are
 In the wide Sea of drink, and merrily we go.
 Blessie me ! 'tis hot, another Bowl of Wine,
 And we shall cut the burning Line ;
 Hey Boys ! she sends it away, and by my head I know
 We round the world are sailing now.
 What dull men are those who tarry at home,
 When abroad they might wantonly roam ?
 And gain such experience ; and spie too
 Such Countries and wonders as I do ?
 But prithee good Pilot take heed what you do,
 And sail not to touch at *Peru*,
 With Gold there the Vessel we'll store,
 And never, and never be poor,
 And never be poor any more.

2.

What do I mean ? What thoughts do me misguide,
 As well upon a staffe may Witches ride
 Their fancied journeys in the air,
 As I sayl round the world in a Chair.
 'Tis true, but yet this Chair which here you see,
 For all its Quiet now and gravity,
 Has wandred and has travell'd more (fore
 Then ever Beast, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree be-
 In every air, in every Sea 'tas been,
 'Tas compass't all the earth, and all the heaven 'tas seen.
 Let

Let not the Popes it self with this compare,
This is the only universal Chair.

3.

The Pious wandrers Fleet sav'd from the flame
(Which still the reliques did ot Troy pursue,
And took them for its due)

A Squadron of immortal Nymphs became,
Still with their Arms they row'd about the Seas,
And still made new, and greater Voyages :

Nor has the first Poetique Ship of *Greece*,
Though now a star, she so triumphant show,
And guides her sailing Successors below,
(Bright as her antient fraight the shining Fleece)
Yet to this day a quiet Harbour found,
The Tide of Heaven still carries her around ;
Only *Drakes* sacred Vessel (which before
Had done, and had seen more
Then those have done or seen,
Even since they Goddeses, and this a Star has been,)
As a reward for all her labours past,
Is made the seat of rest at last.

Let the case now quite altered be ;
And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
Let the world now come to see thee.

4.

The world will dot for curiosity,
Does no lesse then Devotion, Pilgrims make,
And I my self who now love quiet too,
As much almost as any Chair can do,
Would yet a Journey take.

An old Wheel of that Charriot to see ;
Which *Pharson* so rashly brake.

Yet what could that say more, then these remains of *Drake* ?

Great relique ! thou too in this Port of ease
Hast still one way of making Voyages.

The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale
(The great Trade wind which ner'e does fail)

Still with full trimme, and swelling Sail,
Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run
As long around it as the Sun.

The straights of time too narrow are for thee,

Lanch forth into an undiscovered Sea,

And steer the endlessse course of vast eternity.

Take for thy Sail this verse, & for thy Pilot me.